Innocent Mistake To Make In Aisle 5.

Posted originally on the Archive of Our Own at http://archiveofourown.org/works/22359037.

Rating:	Explicit
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Category:	M/M
Fandom:	Hannibal (TV)
Relationships:	Will Graham & Hannibal Lecter, Will Graham/Hannibal Lecter
Characters:	Dr. Frederick Chilton, Hannibal Lecter, Will Graham
Additional Tags:	Alternate Universe - Canon Divergence, Writer Will Graham, Misunderstandings, Fake/Pretend Relationship, Alpha/Beta/Omega Dynamics, Non-Traditional Alpha/Beta/Omega Dynamics, Omega Will Graham, Alpha Hannibal Lecter, First Meetings, Past Frederick Chilton/Will Graham, Dr. Frederick Chilton Being an Asshole, Protective Hannibal Lecter, Developing Friendships, Strangers to Lovers, Press and Tabloids, Gossip, Secret Identity Fail
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2020-02-09 Updated: 2021-01-10 Words: 10,404 Chapters: 9/?

Innocent Mistake To Make In Aisle 5.

by TheDarkestMindWithin

Summary

What Hannibal Lecter believes to simply be him doing his daily good deed quickly becomes something far more complicated than any involved would have thought possible.

Peaches.

Chapter Notes

Without Beta.

Pleasant non intrusive pop music plays through the supermarket. He tunes it out as it comes through the overhead speakers,the Omega's interest captured more greatly by the vibrant waves of fruit and vegetables laid out in the shelves and baskets before him. Enticing colours that ignites his imagination. His fingers absently dancing over the fuzzy surface of a previously selected peach. He still needs to select tomatoes, carrots and maybe even a broccoli or two but the peach stays in his hand between his fingers, he enjoys the texture under his thumb, the scent he can smell ever so faintly from its surface. Will Graham can tell that the peach in his hand in the ripest in the whole store. He studies the produce for a few more moments, the song changes overhead and he's aware of the inconvenience he causes from standing so fully in front of the section of fruit and vegetable, his cart just as in the way as he is, he doesn't mind though. Pays no mind to the soft tuts and unseen eye rolls that are directed to him from his fellow shoppers that are too stifled and well mannered to ask him to move but aren't quite polite enough to keep their annoyance completely unheard. Will smiles inwardly and notes down the moment for later use.

It would be an interesting motive, he thinks, finally placing the peach down in the brown paper bag already in his cart where the other peaches he'd selected reside. He takes a lot less time selecting the rest of his produce, they'd be cooked and seasoned anyway, less need for perfection when things were to be added to them. Unlike with the peaches, which were to be eaten raw as a snack throughout the week, they needed to be perfect. Or as perfect as Will could find. He's about done, satisfied with his selected produce and placing one final paper bag of celery in his cart when he catches sight of *him.*

Their eyes meet, he'd been staring at Will for the past few moments, unnoticed by the Omega, it's just a glimpse before he's moving round the aisles that separate them, working his way towards Will, leaving the Omega with no option of escape. He stands awkwardly in front of the produce, his fingers wrapped around the bar of his cart, wanting to escape but unable to. Will comes face to face with Chilton seconds after discovering his presence. The noses of their carts are bumped together by Chilton, an obvious prelude to conversation, every inch of Will's skin crawls with the desire to escape. There is no escape as Chilton greets Will in his all too formal voice of surprise.

"Will!" His face is bright with the familiar possessive ownership Will had once known far too well. "My goodness!" His voice is forced surprise, his smile tight and malicious as he stares at Will, who can't force any sense of a smile back at his former Alpha. He simply grimaces at the man and grips the cart a little tighter.

"Chilton," He pouts at the use of his surname, as if Will using it hurt him in some prideful way, Will couldn't find it in himself to care if it did or if it didn't. He didn't want to be caught in this obligatory acknowledgement of the other's existence. The game Chilton wanted to play. Will wishes he hadn't bothered with shopping today, or wished he had sent someone else in his place. "Frederick, please," Chilton says, a familiar flash of anger in his eye as he does. The flash had once terrified Will but now it made his stomach twist with hatred. Will refused to be reduced back to the scared twenty-year-old Chilton had made him all those years ago.

Silence drags on between them, Will growing more uncomfortable by his presence as the seconds ticked by, Chilton only seemed more fascinated with Will the longer he had to stare. Finally he speaks to fill the silence that claws into the space between them. "It's been so long since we last saw each other that I nearly didn't recognise you!" Chilton says, twinkles of resentment in his eye. Will sees it then, how they contrast to the other now. He'd worked hard to change since the last time they saw each other, at their divorce proceedings. Will was no longer the timid shell of himself that Chilton had taken years to mould him into, no, now Will was independent and even happy. He bites his tongue to keep from causing a scene with Chilton, a part of him wouldn't be surprised if that's all the Alpha wants from him.

"But then again," The Alpha says, licking at his bottom lip as he looks over Will in the way he used to, in the way that used to make Will feel repulsed by every inch of his body, his mind, his very being. "How could I not? You've made quite the name for yourself!" An edge creeps into his voice on the last note, as if saying it out loud was too preposterous to even consider seriously. Will doesn't say anything, but rather assesses a way to quietly remove himself from the situation.

"Congratulations on that too, *gosh!* You, a writer! And published and everything!" Chilton took the tone of sounding like an over patronising adult at a children's birthday party, congratulating one of the children on finding a particularly interesting leaf, Will wished he could sink into the ground, or better yet, ram his cart into Chilton, he manages to control himself as Chilton continues on. "Who would have thought? The *little Omega* from Wolf Trap an established author!" He shakes his head with amazement but the emotion doesn't reach his eyes or his smile, rather cold malice reaches those particular features.

"Not you," Will finds himself finally saying, his tone as stiff as his body, the music overhead changes to a different song, it feels more grating against his mind now, a shrill voice singing about confidence. "Now, come on, Will," Chilton says, silky smooth persuasion slipping into his voice as he does, as if trying to convince Will to treat himself to a luxury he often denies himself. He bristles at the tone.

"I really need to get on now, Chilton." Will says, finally moving his cart around from where it's against Chilton's, he smiles and moves his own back in the way of Will's. "That's not very nice, Will," He says, the edge of a threat echoing one Will had grown accustomed to trying to avoid years ago, it makes his stomach rolls with the knowledge, the foreign fear an old friend at the bottom of his stomach. "Come on, you can spare some time for the man you used to love, no?" His tone is suddenly so enticing, Will's sure he's being cast under some sort of spell, his resolve weakens, he was being rude and curt after all. Chilton had only come to say hello -

"I really need to be getting back - " Will says, his eyes drawn back to Chilton's twinkling, *hopeful,* ones. He feels like a bastard for denying him a simple coffee. A coffee with Chilton had been something that Will had always enjoyed, it had been one of their few remaining good moments. "To who? It's not like anyone wants you," He says, looking around as if to prove his point, Will wavers and looks around himself, as if he'll remember that suddenly he really does have to go, but nothing comes so he's stuck back looking at Chilton.

"I - " Will's unsure now of how to escape the man, giving no reason and simply denying him felt impossible now. "Just a coffee, for old times sake." The Alpha says, a slight pout to his lip now.

"Chilton - " He's cut short. Whatever he was going to say floats away from him as a hand snakes round his waist and his body is pulled securely into the side of a stranger.

"Sorry, darling, they only had glass noodles so I had to ask - Whose this?" His tone is a warm natural one, as familiar as his touch would suggest. He acts like a lover of Will's, despite the fact that Will had never seen this man before in his life. Chilton stares at the stranger as if he'd just committed some unspeakable act upon him.

Perhaps he had, with the way he had waltzed into the matter and had staked such an easy and obvious claim on Will without so much as batting an eye.

"I am Dr. Frederick Chilton, now who on Earth are you?! Will, who is this?!" His tone is so close to hysterical that Will feels a sudden immense wave of gratitude towards the stranger for daring to step in. The fearful anger in his eye as he demands an impossible answer from Will, he opens his mouth but thankfully, the Alpha speaks for him again.

"I'm sorry, I'm being terribly rude." He stretches the hand that is not around Will's waist out to Chilton, who looks at the offering with a turned up nose of disgust. "I'm Dr. Hannibal Lecter, Will's Alpha."

Chilton's jaw drops at the revelation. He stares perplexed and speechless at both Will and Hannibal as his mind tries to process the information it's just been fed. He is not the only one suffering this same experience.

Will is also trying to comprehend what the Alpha just said besides him, only he's trying to do it in a far more discreet way so as not to alert Chilton of the lie. He wants to stare at the Alpha stood besides him, stare until he can fathom just why he decided to come help Will like he has.

"I've heard plenty about you, Chilton. Will, darling, I didn't realise how accurate you were in your descriptions." He says the second part to Will, his lips hidden in his curls, possessive as if he really were Will's Alpha. Chilton's eyes bulge at this comment, spluttering as he tries to discover what fiction Will had been whispering about him.

Will can't help but to play along, even if he knows it's bad of him, he can't help but to play along. Leaning in closer to the Alpha and playing with Chilton's already misinformed point of view.

Apt.

Chapter Notes

Without Beta.

Hannibal's looking at the spices on the opposite row of produce to them, all the different kinds of chilies. He, Hannibal, hadn't planned on interfering when the Omega he had noticed by the fresh produce earlier had been approached by a seemingly unknown Alpha. No, Hannibal had simply intended to make sure they knew each other before he continued on searching for the appropriate type of chili. Of course this plan changed when he had watched, discreetly of course, the Omega in question become obviously more than a little distressed by the unknown Alpha's presence, Hannibal promptly began formulating a plan to get the Omega away upon seeing this.

Deciding whether to make out that something required the Omega's attention outside the supermarket or if he would simply have to send the Alpha away himself? One thing Hannibal had decided on, was that he wouldn't be leaving without making sure the Omega was left alone by the Alpha. Hannibal has several options in way of getting the Omega away but he is pushed into action when he catches the Omega's name, he leaves his basket full of shopping by the chilies and heads over to the Omega and Alpha, smiling easily, as if his place besides the Omega was unquestionable, setting his tone to be as warm and natural as he could muster, as natural as his touch.

Hannibal makes up a quick lie, silk along his tongue as he throws in a packet of noodles he had taken from his own shopping into the Omega's own. Hannibal wraps his arms around the Omega's waist and holds him like he would if he really were his to hold. Explains away the noodles before turning to the Alpha. "Whose this?" Hannibal disguises the smug satisfaction on his face with way of a slightly threatening smile, watches as the Alpha gives him a look only appropriate to give someone who had committed an unspeakable crime. Perhaps Hannibal has but he doesn't care.

The Alpha introduces himself with a misplaced sense of arrogance and self importance, titling himself as 'Dr. Frederick Chilton' only fuelling Hannibal's already growing dislike for the man, regardless of situation, Hannibal remains a polite partner as Frederick Chilton turns to the silent Omega and demands to know who Hannibal is, which is where the Alpha steps in without prompt, enjoying the hysterics he's nearly put the man in just by simply standing besides the Omega. "I'm sorry, I'm being terribly rude," Hannibal says, a smile an unapologetic as his voice across his face as he stretches his hand, that is not around the Omega's waist, out to Frederick Chilton, who looks at it with a turned up nose of disgust. "Dr. Hannibal Lecter, Will's Alpha." Hannibal ventures to use the Omega's name. Frederick Chilton's jaw drops at Hannibal's words.

"I've heard plenty about you, Chilton. Will, darling, I didn't realise how accurate you were in your descriptions." Hannibal says, turning to the Omega to add salt to the injury he had just verbally inflicted upon *Dr. Frederick Chilton.* Hannibal hides his face in the Omega's curls, as if whispering more but really just to hide the grin that grows across his face as a result of seeing Frederick Chilton's crumbling facade of suave Alpha. The Omega, Will, Hannibal decides to use him name, leans into him. Playing along with the already misinformed view of Frederick Chilton.

"I'm afraid the same can't be said for you!" Chilton says, a slight pitch to his voice now as he claws back the attention of the faux couple before him. His eyes bulging as his body radiates with fury. "I'm surprised by you, Will, moving on so quickly!" Chilton continues, attempting to twist a knife he had long since lost the sharpness of, Will simply watches him from the mystery Alpha's side, still tucked into his side as if they really were a couple. "It's a shame you never learnt to keep your legs shut before you got yourself into trouble like this!" Chilton adds when he sees that he no longer has the control over Will that he had had before the other Alpha had shown up.

His words pinch at the nerves Will had yet to protect from him, forcing him into action without thought. Glaring at Chilton as he moves, just for him, just for the bastard, Will doesn't think as he takes the stranger's hand that is not around his waist and subtly, but obvious that it would not go unnoticed, and presses the hand to his flat stomach, as if telling the Alpha that a baby kicks in the spot his hand lays. The implication is as clear to Chilton as it is to the Alpha he had never laid eyes on until only minutes ago. It's enough to wound Chilton's pride in the desired effect, he catches the way his nostrils flare, his teeth shine only for a second before he shuts them away, the grip on his cart tightens to the threat of breaking it in two. He gets the message loud and clear. Will Graham not only has an Alpha but is pregnant with the Alpha's seed.

"You fucking whore," He spits at Will, the words an utterance only loud enough for the three to hear, Will smirks at him and opens his mouth to throw an equally childish retort at the man but is cut off by the sudden words of the Alpha, whose hand still lays against his stomach. "I'll rip your throat from your body if you ever address my mate like that again." His voice is warm and friendly as it drains the colour from Chilton's face, his lips move but not words come out and he is forced to leave without another word. Hannibal keeps his proximity to Will until he's out of sight, and even then for a minute or two afterwards, all until Will lets out a soft, and silently embarrassed. "God."

"I hope you forgive my intrusion," Hannibal says as he takes a step back from the man, removing his touch from his body with a gentle smile on his lips. Will turning to look at him with a distracted look on his face. "Huh - ?" And then he understands and quickly backtracks. "Oh my god! No! No, thank you so much - !" He trips over his words in a way that uncharacteristically endears himself to Hannibal. "I - I'm speechless, honestly, thank you for your help!" Will says gratefully, a smile growing across his face for the first time since Hannibal had joined his side, the Alpha can't deny that the smile makes him smile back. "I'm glad I could have been of service," Hannibal smiles, moving to pick his noodles back up from Will's cart.

"Alpha's like that give the rest of us a terrible name," He finishes as he walks back over to his own shopping before rejoining Will, who waits for him. "Yeah, you could say that again," He pauses and bites his lip and then smiles, stretches his hand out to Hannibal for him to take. "I'm Will, Will Graham." Hannibal smiles and takes his hand, shakes it and then introduces himself, properly. "Hannibal, Hannibal Lecter." They drop their hands but Hannibal can't deny the near painless stab of disappointment it causes him to do so.

"It's wonderful to meet you," Will says, running a hand through the curls Hannibal had hidden his face in only moments ago, he already finds himself missing the lemon scent with the underlying scent of forest and fresh rain. "Likewise." Hannibal smiles and then, at the prospect of having to say goodbye to Will so soon, adds, "Could I escort you until you're finished with your shopping? Just in case he decides to come back?" Hannibal offers, hopeful that Will would allow his company, thankfully the Omega looks pleased to have the offer. "You wouldn't mind?" He checks, as if Hannibal would allow him to deny.

"Of course not, must protect my Omega and cub after all," He touches Will's belly for effect and they both share an amused laugh, something twinkling in their eyes as they do. Neither aware of it quite yet. Will's cheeks pink slightly along with the tips of his ears as he clears his throat. "I - I'm sorry if that - " Will says, a little awkwardly as he realises it wasn't just himself he made put on a show for Chilton, Hannibal shakes his head with the same warm smile still stretched across his lips. They begin walking past the aisle they stand in. "I would have done a similar thing had you not," Hannibal admits, smiling as they walk up a new aisle, Chilton free. "I promise." Will smiles with gratitude and selects several boxes of pasta as they pass by. "If it does not intrude too closely to private matters," Hannibal begins when they pause as sauces that both men take interest in looking through, Will turning his head to pay attention to what Hannibal has to say.

"May I ask who that man is to you?" Will smiles with a twisted corner of his mouth as he looks over different types of pasta sauce. "He's my ex-husband, well, my ex-piece-of-shit-husband as I like to call him," Will says with a widening twisted smile, Hannibal smiles at his comment, which surprises Will in a pleasantly good way. They walk along the aisle once Will and Hannibal have selected their sauces. "Aptly nicknamed." The Alpha agrees, smiling at Will as they share another warm laugh together.

Chasm.

Chapter Notes

Fun times...

Without Beta.

"So, please, enlighten me as to why such a lovely thing such as you would end up anywhere near a person like Chilton?" The Alpha asks the Omega as they sit at a small table outside a busy coffee shop with bags of shopping round their feet, Will blushes at Hannibal's subtle compliment and tries to think of a way to condense all that had happened between himself and Chilton into as little sentences as possible. "We were young, well, I was young and in love." He says simply, a wistful smile on his lips now as he looks at Hannibal who looks as if he doesn't quite believe Will, though he doesn't outright say this.

"Love can be such a hindrance to common sense," The Alpha says simply, taking a sip of his nearly coffee as Will hums and does the same, sharing a private smile with Hannibal before the cups are placed back on their coasters on the table. "Well," Hannibal says after several moments have lapsed into easy silence, Will raising his brows at the man as he pulls out his wall. "I've rather enjoyed our time together, Will," He says, pulling out a card and leaning forward to pass it to Will, who takes it with an inquisitive smile that makes Hannibal crave even more time with him.

"My number, in case you're ever in need of an Alpha again," He smiles as he makes Will laugh, the Omega leaning back in his chair as he nods his head and pops the card safely away in his own wallet. "I'll be sure to do so," Will promises with every intention of keeping his promise, Hannibal smiles as he gets to his feet and collects his shopping, moving to Will once he was ready to depart. "I'll be waiting for your call," He promises, kissing Will's cheek politely before he says his final goodbye and starts towards their parked cars along the road, Will resists the desire to watch him go and rather pulls out Hannibal's card and reads the gold lettered number running along it. No name, no website details. Simply his number, it was curious little thing. He pulls out his notepad from his coat pocket and scribbles out a few ideas that float around his head.

Business cards with ~~no business~~ nothing written on them. - Assassin for hire??

Alpha with a sense of humour.

Make sure you call Hannibal!!!

Once he's finished scribbling notes, he tucks his notepad and the card from Hannibal away and gets up to leave, heading down to where his car was left, loading his shopping up into the

back of the Jeep before climbing into the front, putting the heater on to warm up his cold hands, his phone buzzes where he'd left it on the dashboard. Will's publicist's number flashing across the screen until Will reaches to answer it.

"Beverly!" Will greets enthusiastically, his good mood from Hannibal still present as he moves to put the call on speaker and turns on the ignition. "Do you ever answer your phone?! I've been trying to reach you for hours now, Will!" She says angrily down the phone, her voice more than a little stressed, which catches the Omega off guard when he hears her, confused as he looks at the clock on his phone screen, ready to refute her claim of *'hours.'* It couldn't have been so long when he only went to do a little bit of shopping? He's shocked when he sees that it's nearly six in the evening, wondering if he really had spent so long with Hannibal when it had only felt like a few moments and then he catches sight of all the unseen notifications on his phone which knocks all thought of Hannibal out of his head. Some of them are from Beverly but many of them were from saved numbers from various different reporters that he only ever heard from when he had a new book out or - "*Oh fuck*," Will says softly, his brain barely working now that he'd connected the dots.

"*Yeah, oh fuck!*" Beverly says hotly down the phone, drawing Will's attention back to the fact he was not alone with his thoughts. "You better start explaining right now or I'll be the one leaking shit!" Beverly says down the phone as Will starts pulling out into the road. The young Omega's mind racing a million miles a second as he tries to figure out how any of this had ended up happening.

Set Up.

Chapter Notes

I hope everyone is staying safe during this uncertain time and that you're staying home, washing your hands and reading plenty of fics ;)

Without Beta.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Will arrives back to the undisclosed location of his home at a quarter to seven, he first hears the happy barks of his two dogs Milo and Winston, who come bounding out of the house to greet him, he's then greeted by Beverly who stands on the porch steps looking thoroughly pissed. Will knows she has every right to be. He gives her a small wave from where he stands by his car with the dogs barking and jumping at his feet. This would be a long night.

Once the shopping has been taken inside and put away and Winston and Milo have settled down after being fed and watered, Beverly and Will sit at the breakfast table in the corner of Will's small kitchen with a bottle of unopened wine and two large wineglasses. "Start from the beginning, who is he?" Beverly pulls out a printed out photo of Hannibal from when they were in the supermarket earlier today, it's been cropped but Will knows it's taken from when he had his hands on Will, the young Omega cringes at the sight. "He is an Alpha I met today," Will says, clearing his throat as he looks away from the photo, unable to bare to look at it any longer. Beverly gives me a look that just screams she doesn't believe him. "Right, so why are his hands all over you?" She pulls out more photos and Will gets up from his seat and begins pacing, anxious out of his mind at the mess that was beginning to swallow him up. "I don't know! It's complicated okay? Very complicated!" He says, bracing himself against the back of his chair as he grits his teeth with embarrassment, Beverly shows him no sympathy.

"Sit." She orders sharply, scooping up the photos and tucking them away to a place Will wasn't sure existed. He retakes his seat, sure that any sort of resistance would only make whatever was coming worst. "Okay, well, let's park the mystery man for now then." She says, with mock sweetness in her voice, a tone Will knows all too well. "I've taken the liberty of printing out a few things for you to look through," She pulls out a file from underneath the table, Will wishes the ground could swallow him up. "Have a flick through," She hands it to him and reaches to open the wine between them, watching as Will looks through the file he's been handed, cringing with horror as he reads each email request Beverly had received in the last six hours. "Oh no," It's the softest murmur from Will's lips as his eyes grow with horror at what was currently unfolding around him in the world of the media, Beverly just smiles into her very full glass and takes a long drink.

"Have you seen the next one?" Beverly reaches to turn the page to a possible gossip magazine front page mock up, Will on the front, lots of rumours made into thousand words columns on the inside. "Fuck, god." Will almost whines, Beverly smiles and flicks a few pages ahead to a photo of Will and Hannibal outside the café. "And this, very cosy!" She's being cruel but after getting blindsides by texts, emails and all-too-invasive calls from people with Will unreachable for hours Beverly isn't feeling very generous. "It was just coffee!" Will says, his voice losing hope as he stares at the photo that's all too cosy to deny anything romantic taking place, even Beverly knew there were underlying sparks. After all, where there's smoke there's fire.

"Oh," Beverly says, as if she's just remembered something delightfully pleasant, Will just looks at her with a deep set fear of how far this fire had spread in his few hours of absence. "Mumsnet want to do an interview, look," She turns the seemingly endless pages again for Will and there's the picture that's worth all the money in the world. Hannibal's hand pressed to Will's stomach. "Fuck," Beverly leans back and picks up her glass again. *"Hmm,"* She takes a drink. "I'm not pregnant." Will says, as if Beverly would think he is. "Oh, *I* know, it's *them* you should tell." She says, her hand gesturing in the general direction of the file in front of Will. "Vanity Fair want a wedding cheat-sheet, what did you two wear on the big day! What were the colour schemes!" Beverly lists and Will feels as if he may be sick. "I'm not married." He says, his voice muted as he does.

"Vogue want all the style secrets of the happy couple! He *is* rather dapper," Beverly says, looking at a photo of Hannibal that had been snapped at the café, Will can't deny it looks like a photo taken from an Italian tailors catalogue. "I'm not even fucking seeing him!" Will says, losing his patience slightly, but he knows Beverly's had it worst, she had to deal with all of this without any knowledge if any of it was true or not, though Will had never been one for publicity stunts but the photos were undeniable evidence to the contrary. "Oh," Beverly continues as if Will never said anything. "And of course, every gossip magazine within a six billion mile radius would like a lovely insider scoop from yours truly," She says, putting a hand on her chest and smiling into her now half empty glass, Will can barely stand to keep calm as he looks at her and can't decide between laughing or crying. "Please, not you too!" He says, his voice verging on pleading. Beverly *wants* pleading. "Oh, yes," She sings sadistically. "I need a drink," Will says in a depressed tone as he finally snaps and reaches for the wine bottle to fill his own glass up.

"*Tut tut*, Will. An omega in your condition no less," She says, pouting with disapproval as she drinks her own wine as Will fills his glass up to the very brim. "I'm this close," Will says, throwing his hand up with his fingers barely apart from the other. "From making a new headline for the morning," He says seriously, drinking his wine as Beverly chuckles and leans back in her chair, her taunting of the poor Omega easing off now that he seemed appropriately depressed. "And what would that be?" Beverly asks, Will smiling at her with his own twisted look. "Writer murders manager," Will delivers, his voice deadpan as Beverly starts to laugh as she reaches to refill her glass with the now nearly empty wine bottle. "It's been done," She says once the bottle has been emptied into her glass. "Worth a try," Will sighs, resigning himself to a world of misery in the morning, but for now he could allow himself to get wine drunk with Beverly. It's the least he deserves.

Chapter End Notes

I didn't proof read this before posting so any mistakes I apologise for and will fix at a later date

Wine Bottles.

Chapter Notes

Without Beta.

At some point in the early hours of the morning Beverly leaves, Will doesn't see her off as he's tucked up in bed when she decides she's sober enough to get behind the wheel of her car. Will wakes up some hours later into the earlier parts of the day's afternoon to a text from Beverly and a mild hangover, he starts on coffee first thing and feeds Milo and Winston. Beverly had fed them before she'd left, foreseeing Will's lie-in, and had let them out. She was never as heartless as she made herself out to be. His work phone hasn't stopped pinging with texts and emails and all sorts of crap since yesterday. He decides around the hundredth call he receives that he'll have to bribe Beverly to look through it all for him. Will equally knows that he'll have to face the outside world again at some point but right now he's more concerned with making a half decent cup of black coffee in an attempt to banish away the pounding of his head, him and Beverly and bottles of wine were never a good mix. *Ever.*

He sits at the breakfast table once his coffee is prepared and he's opened up the backdoor for Winston and Milo to go out of once they're finished with their food. His thoughts swirl restlessly round his head as he stares at his notepad sat in front of him. He doesn't feel like writing now, his mind too clouded for the clear line of thought he needs to invest in his latest story, not that he had much of it already laid out, a minuscule idea and vague outline. He pushes away the wineglasses he and Beverly had drunk out of from the night before from where they sit on the already cluttered table, making better space for his notepad as he does. He puts a few of the empty wine bottles down on the floor by his feet too. He really shouldn't drink with Beverly, Will thinks frowning as he counts the bottles and is almost embarrassed by the number he ends up with once a half of them have been removed from the table.

Honesty, he admonishes himself as he opens up his notepad, he and Beverly were not in college anymore. He spots, with an undeniable rush of unidentified pleasure, Hannibal's mysterious card peaking out from one of the back pages of his notepad now that it was open, seeming to glitter with temptation as he thought about call the man. He was truly a mystery to not only the public but to Will himself. They had met barely twenty-four-hours ago and yet they were being made out to be lovers, husbands, parents-to-be, they were having a life built around them with a white picket fence sealing them inside. He has to call him, Will decides as he thinks of all the questions being asked about him, all the photos and make believe rumours being spread and printed across every front page of gossip magazines.

Will picks up his phone and starts to dial his number, his fingers tremble slightly as he presses the call button once he has made sure he has repeated the number correctly, it rings for a few moments and then his voice meets Will's eager ears. "I'm afraid my answer remains

the same to you as it did to the last; I do not have any information to give on - " His tone was exasperated, it made Will's stomach drop, he hadn't even had the chance to say anything and Hannibal was already talking, as if he'd been reciting the words all morning and then suddenly it clicked and Will's mouth started moving before he could even think what he was going to say. "Hannibal, it's me!" He blurts out, graceless and eager, like a lovesick teenager, he cringes as Hannibal falls silent on the other end of the phone.

"Oh," He murmurs in response to Will's words. What does *'oh'* mean? Will thinks, barely having enough time to panic before Hannibal's talking again, his tone a decidedly more upbeat tone now that Will had revealed himself to the Alpha.

Whirlwind.

Chapter Notes

Without Beta.

It wasn't an every day occurrence for one to go to bed one evening as an unknown face to the world to then wake the next morning to find not only one's face had been plastered all over the covers of tacky gossip magazine front pages that one had always detested but that one's phone was also vibrating with dozens of missed calls, voicemails and text messages from unknown numbers. Hannibal Lecter had never experienced anything like it when he woke the morning after meeting Will Graham. At first he had thought it to be an elaborate joke or prank but upon a short time spent researching he discovered that it was so far from such a thing and not only was it completely real it was also so convincingly real that by nine in the morning he had had to deal with accusatory phone calls from his friends, *his mother* and his sister. After which he decided to remove the battery from his work phone and await for Will to call him, if the Omega would even do such a thing. After all, Will Graham had no way of knowing that Hannibal hadn't been the one to orchestrate the entire thing himself.

Of course after a few hours Hannibal has to turn his phone back on to call his clients scheduled for today to rearrange, there was no possible way he could work with this thing going on around him and there was no way that his clients wouldn't focus on it, consciously or subconsciously. He leaves the vibrating device on the kitchen counter besides his silent person phone. Begins making himself a coffee as he thinks through his options, he could obtain Will's number, somehow, but even then there was no guarantee that Will would speak to him. He could give an interview to once of the journalists that had been calling but Hannibal knew better than to trust one of them without consulting a lawyer first, who knows what kind of fabrication they could up with if Hannibal gave them even half a sentence that wasn't a complete rejection of their countless offers. His mind is stringing together options as he stirs the cream into his coffee and takes a seat at the breakfast bar, sighing as he looks over his morning paper he had yet to look through, reading one of the headlines as his phone began to ring, this time however, it was his personal phone.

The number of which Hannibal solemnly handed out to people considered his friends let alone just anyone but the fact that it was also the number he had mostly recently delivered such a privilege to was now his supposed lover to the rest of the world, he smiles as he goes to pick it up. A low hum of childish delight fluttering in his stomach at the sudden prospect of speaking with Will again, to share some comfort with the other as they tried to navigate how they had ended up in such a mess as the one currently surrounding them. "Hello?" The Alpha greets down the phone, picking it up after the second ring. He brings his coffee to his lips as he waits for Will to reply. "Hello," A woman's voice greets down the phone, immediately spoiling Hannibal's flourishing mood.

"Is that Doctor Hannibal Lecter?" She asks, her voice a sort of polite invasive presence to his morning, as if she could collect so much from him just by staying on the phone with her. His guard is in place in a second as he sets his coffee back on the counter. "Apologises, may I ask whose speaking?" His voice changes from warm delighted closeness to cold distance in an instant, the woman on the phone remains undeterred as she answers. "Freddie Lounds. Is this a bad time, Hannibal?" She asks, forcing familiarity between the two, a cheap tactic that Hannibal would not fall for so easily or obviously.

"This is a personal number," He informs her, doubting very much that she wouldn't already know. "Is it?" She doesn't sound shocked. "I was assured it was your work number," She lies plainly, Hannibal can imagine her at her desk, examining her nails or writing dreadful lies up about their conversation, if you could even call this exchange a conversation. "Miss Lounds how did you get this number?" He's rather amused by the blatant lying, if you excuse the rudeness of it. "Doctor Lecter, could I trouble you for a statement regarding the famed writer Will Graham." And there it is, the end to their exchange. Hannibal sighs and picks up his coffee.

"I do not have any information to give on the matter of Will Graham." He says in a more than bored tone, he's said it a dozen times already and he would probably say it a dozen times more today. "Doctor Lecter, I promise I'll make it worth your while for an interview - " She offers foolishly, Hannibal denying her the privilege to finish her sentence before he is cutting her off. "Have a good day, Miss Lounds. Please, do not call this number again. Goodbye." He ends the call and discards the phone on the counter, sips his coffee as he stares at the device with a strong urge to destroy it. Considers taking out the battery, doubtless a vulturous little creature like Freddie Lounds would share his number now that she knew he would not give an interview. He decides against it, at least until he was sure that Will wouldn't call him. It's barely a minute later when it begins ringing and as he had thought the number is unrecognised, much like Freddie Lounds' had been. Hannibal finds himself instantly exhausted with the prospect of having to repeat the conversation he had just had with Freddie Lounds with an entirely different person. Still, he answers the call and repeats words that had already become well rehearsed on his lips. "I'm afraid my answer remains the same to you as it did to the last; I do not have any information to give on - " He says, assuming it to be Freddie with the offer to double whatever unmentioned earlier offer she had planned to give him. Or maybe an entirely new journalist, Hannibal did not care which.

"Hannibal, it's me!" It's like a switch has been turned in the back of his head, his change in mood is that simple when he hears Will's eager voice interrupting his own down the phone, instantly Hannibal regrets the tone with which he had answered Will's call with, he perks up, both in his speech and in his posture, sitting straighter, smiling even as he places his coffee down for a final time on the counter and gets up to begin wondering around. "Oh," He murmurs dumbly, unsure of how to explain or apologise for his greeting. "Will! What a delightful surprise, I was beginning to worry," He says truthfully down the phone, smiling as he hears the hitch of the Omega's breath down the phone before his voice returns to grace the Alpha's ears. "Worry? About?" He asks, himself sounding agitated at the prospect of Hannibal worrying.

"I worried you had lost my number but - Well, you're here now." Hannibal says, finding himself a little lost for words to say to the Omega, a rare occurrence for the usually articulate

Alpha, there's a dip of silence between them and Hannibal wonders if he should ask why Will has called or maybe assume the obvious and speak as if they had already discussed the strange whirlwind that was currently sweeping by them. "I was hoping you could come over for lunch," Will says suddenly, interrupting both the silence and Hannibal's thoughts as he does. Of course the Alpha jumps at the chance of spending time with Will. "Yes!" The Alpha says, eager and immediate. Will laughs down the phone as Hannibal clears his throat and attempts to sound less like an excited puppy wagging his tail as the bare bones of attention are bestowed upon him.

Hand-In-Hand.

Chapter Notes

Two things; I'm shit at slow burn so I am sorry for this next part and I'm sorry for such a long break between chapters!

Without Beta.

Will panics the second he's hung up the phone. Feeling as if he's never invited an Alpha over to his home before, feeling as if he were a young teenager again inviting his crush over to his home after school. Back then it had been so much simpler, he thinks as he rushes about his kitchen worrying about what to cook for the Alpha. Back then a simple plate of cookies and a tall glass of milk was all that was required, they would sit in the front room with their homework untouched around them and talk instead of high school gossip, Will could hardly do the same for Hannibal. He rifles through the pantry and the kitchen cupboards for ingredients. Of course back then he also had his mother hovering in the kitchen, humming lowly as she attempted to keep the fact she was eavesdropping from her son and his crush. There was no such security now, it would simply be Will and Hannibal and Will felt a rush of butterflies in his stomach at the thought. He finds food that he deems suitable for Hannibal and rushes off down the hall and up the creaking staircase to his bedroom next. Of course when you're fourteen things feel so complicated when they are in fact so simple. Like wardrobe choices.

The old baggy shirt and old pyjama bottoms were hardly going to be a suitable outfit to greet the Alpha in. Again, Will thinks of his teenage years, how he'd worn his school uniform with a button undone at the top and the tie loosened but not completely undone, that had been enough outfit planning to last a lifetime and when he had been married to Frederick he never gave a second thought to his clothing but now - Now he was rifling through the sparse wardrobe for a shirt that was neither crumbled nor littered too obviously with dog hairs. He finds one, *eventually,* tucked away in the back, a dark blue that would work with his only pair of even slightly formal trousers. He doesn't change into them straight away, opting to return to the downstairs of his home in the hopes of pulling the house into some semblance of order. Will panics the entire time he fixes the sofas and hoovers the old carpets. What if Hannibal was allergic to dogs? There was no Beverly to take them and they could only stay out for so long. What if Hannibal was allergic to seafood or was vegetarian? Will's heart skips a beat at the idea. Horrified that he might serve food that was inedible to his guest.

God! What if he doesn't drink? Will thinks morbidly as he gathers up the evidence of his night with Beverly, ushering the dogs out into the backyard as he dumps the rubbish bag full of now empty wine bottles out on the deck. They bark and run around him, sensing his agitation. He cleans his home from top to bottom, making sure everything is unrealistically

pristine and regrets doing so once he has finished. Frets over how to position the vase of fresh flowers in the front room on the glass top coffee table and then fusses over the pillows on the sofa, his mind races from one thing to another, so much so that he nearly misses the doorbell altogether when it finally rings. Will doesn't. He catches the second ring and runs quite literally from where he had been pacing in the kitchen down the hallway to the front door, he's breathless and slightly less put together than he had intended to be when he had changed into the blue shirt and trousers. Yanks open the door and reveals Hannibal standing on his doorstep. The Omega becomes breathless for an entirely different reason when he lays eyes on the Alpha. His mind goes blank of any worries he had had before opening the door and he's rendered unable to speak as Hannibal smiles and stands politely on his doorstep, a bottle of expensive looking wine in hand and a bouquet of flowers in the other.

"Hannibal," Will says, without realising he'd even opened his mouth, his voice is breathless and awed, much to his embarrassment. Hannibal's smile widens.

"Hello, Will." He returns, the accent to his words making Will's stomach twist in delight.

Neither quite know how to greet the other, Will smiling sheepish as he attempts to let Hannibal in without standing in his way or fawning over him as he passes through the threshold, tries to smile at him without sending the wrong message, though what the wrong message would mean Will doesn't even know. Eventually Will manages to kick start his brain and leads Hannibal inside the house into the far too clean and far too empty living-room. Offers Hannibal a seat on the sofa or the armchair, his thoughts occupied with his dogs in the backyard. A fresh wave of anxiety gnaws at his stomach, watching Hannibal settle into a seat on the sofa as he takes the gifts from his hands. "Are you allergic to dogs?" Will's voice cracks with a telling edge of anxiety as he holds the gifted wine and flowers. The words popping out of his mouth without permission to do so. Hannibal takes it in his stride and smiles up at the Omega with a glint of amused affection in his eye. "No, not allergic." The Alpha assures, his tone a calming warmth washing over the nervous Omega, who was sure his cheeks were a telling pink if the heat of them was anything to go by. "I have eight. Dogs. And I've put them in the backyard so we can eat in peace but of course I can't keep them out there all night and - Uhh! No - Not that you'll be here all night! I just mean - That you are here now and - " Will's face burns red as he fails to keep his mouth from streaming verbal vomit between the two of them. "Will." Hannibal's tone is firm and calming, causing Will's to clamp shut. "Deep breath." He draws his hand inwards to demonstrate, Will following his instructions and inhaling deeply. "Hold," His hand rests against his chest. "And release," They both exhale, Will feeling significantly calmer as Hannibal repeats the demonstration twice more.

"If it would make you feel less anxious, I am not opposed to the dogs joining us for lunch?" Hannibal offers, Will searching him for any hint of annoyance or impatience for his ridiculousness. There is none. He shakes his head silently. "They'll be fine for a few hours, they'll just need to come in eventually." Hannibal smiles and nods understandingly, relaxing into the sofa seat as he does. "I'll just put these in water!" Will says, eager to escape and recollect himself momentarily as he rushes from the living-room to the kitchen, quickly finding and filling a vase full of water, returning to the living-room quickly with two glasses and a corkscrew. "Drink?" He offers, setting the fresh vase of flowers down besides the ones already sat on the coffee table. "Please." Hannibal takes the bottle of wine he had brought

from Will and the corkscrew and begins untwisting the wax wrapper. They fall into quiet as the cork is removed with a pop and Hannibal places the bottle down to breathe for a moment, Will settling into the seat besides Hannibal on the sofa. The silence remains and Will wonders if Hannibal will mind about the dog hairs that were bound to get stuck on the expensive suit he was wearing so handsomely. If he would comment of Will's mismatched home which he doubted very much was to the Alpha's obvious expensive tastes.

"You have a very lovely home, Will." The Alpha says as if he could hear the Omega's thoughts. "It is very homely, beautiful even." He says, looking round the room before settling his gaze on Will, who clears his throat and tries not to squirm under the watchful eye of the Alpha, he feels a little ridiculous of the comment. "Thank you," He says, wishing that the wine was available to him. "Though it's not technically mine." He says, swallowing as Hannibal begins pouring out the wine into the glass, handing Will one before he brings his to tap against other. "Ah," He sighs around the first sip of the sweet alcohol. "Well, I mean, I decorated it, did it up and all sorts but technically the land, it belongs to my ex-husband. We're still bickering over our assets." Will says, drinking the rich wine with a silent shiver of delight. Definitely very expensive. "I hope you don't mind my saying that your ex-husband does not sound like the best of Alphas and for that I must apologise," Will smiles and shakes his head, setting his glass down besides Hannibal's as he absently wonders where the man had been hiding for so long. "You are very much a gentleman, aren't you?" Will finds his fingers reaching for Hannibal's cheek, smiling as the soft pads of his fingers dance over his skin, studying how the Alpha smiles and leans into his touch. His lips turn to kiss the inside of his wrist, they fall quiet and it's intimate and calm and Will can feel himself leaning in towards the Alpha - Until his stomach rumbles, snitching to the room that he has not eaten today, Hannibal's laugh rumbles deep in his chest as he retreats from Will's touch. "I believe lunch is now desired." He stands and holds a hand out for Will to take, which he does. He leads Hannibal out of his living-room down the darkened hallway towards his kitchen.

Hand-in-hand.

Your Ears Only.

Chapter Notes

Happy 2021

Without Beta.

They enter Will's kitchen hand-in-hand.

Will is immediately insistent that Hannibal remain a strictly passive presence in the Omega's kitchen, releasing the Alpha's hand in favour of crossing the room ahead of the Alpha. Briefly peering out the window looking over the backyard, watching the dogs run after one another until he heard Hannibal move behind him causing Will to turn and close the space that had grown between them. "Ah, ah, ah, my house." Will tsked. Closing his hand around the Alpha's that had picked up the kitchen knife from the counter. Much to Hannibal's amusement. Both now wearing matching smiles that were as equally attractive as they were stubborn. "Are you sure I can't assist you in the prepping of such vegetables?" Hannibal gestures to the half finished foods sitting on the counter in front of them, where he had found the knife. Will removes his hand from the Alpha's as he responds. Ignoring the sting of electricity that comes from the prolonged contact. Ignoring the butterflies.

"My house, my rules." Will says simply. Taking the Alpha's hand for a final time and leading him around the counter towards the breakfast table. "Besides, you're my guest, it would be terrible manners for me to ask for your help." Will explains, watching the way Hanniabl's expression grows into an amused expression, it makes him look both so much older and so much younger. Will finds himself wanting more of such a look from the Alpha. A warm chuckle accopanies the look as he allows Will to halfheartedly push him into a chair at the breakfast table. "For you, dear William, I would allow even the rudest of behaviour." Will knows, even if he has no evidence to base such assumptions on, that this is an exception Hannibal doesn't usually allow and that Will should do well to remember such exceptions made for him. The realisation turns the tips of the Omega's ears pink as he quickly retreats to the safety of the counter. "Why don't we just settle for a little smalltalk?" Will suggests with a slight crack of his voice, which only serves to make his cheeks match the tips of his ears. A fact that Hannibal finds himself quite enamoured with but chooses to forgo referencing. He instead indulges Will's suggestion of smalltalk and fills the quiet of the kitchen while Will prepares their meal.

They skirt around the reason they both has brought Hannibal here, instead the Alpha favours discussion of Will's culinary skills and his dogs. Will denies having any more skill than the next Omega and puts it down to his upbringing, which he speaks of with a far away look in his eye, Hannibal files away the detail to be rehashed later on. Talk of the Omega's dogs bring

him a bright smile and a lively energy to his words, talking about all eight canines until they were sitting together at the table with their plates full of mouth-watering food. "It's not going to be the most adventurous of meals, I'm afraid." Will says as he settles into his seat, offering Hannibal a pour of his own wine. "I insist you give yourself credit, William. It smells devine." The Alpha says, enjoying the blush that falls over the Omega's cheek as he fills his own glass full of deep red.

"Besides, I am sure whatever you deem suitable for your palette will be more than suitable for mine." He adds, filling his fork before placing it tentatively to his mouth. Savouring each flavour that dances over his tongue as the Omega watches and waits in anticipation for the Alpha's verdict. Hannibal, unable to resist, allows a low growl to rise from within his chest. "As divine in taste as in smell." He says, washing the food down with a drink of wine. Will's face blushes a deeper pink and Hannibal can not only hear quickening of the Omega's pulse but also smell the telltale scent of arousal on his body. "Do you always compliment Omega's who get you into a media frenzy so much?" Will asks, attempting to lighten the quickly darkening atmosphere between them.

"No, I assure you my compliments are only for your ears." Shit. Shit, Will thinks as he gulps down the remaining wine in his glass, reaching for the bottle to pour himself a second. If the Alpha carried on the way he was then Will was going to have series problems controlling himself. "Do my compliments offend you?" Hannibal asks, a glitter in his eye that tells Will he knows exactly what kind of effect he is having on the Omega. A twist to his devilish lips that reveals to Will that he is having the same effect from the Omega. "It all lies in the intention behind them." Will says, daring to play along with the game. After all, the media were already running stories of their being married and expecting, what harm could be done with playing in the fire. Just a little.

"I was hoping you would say that."

From A Writer's View.

Chapter Notes

Without Beta.

They carry on playing with fire.

Drinking and exchaging words that dance too close to something that *should* be beyond their reach.

Eventually they tire of the table between them and the empty plates on the table and retire to a crackling fire and a couch big enough for the two of them. Hands and fingers wonder over fire heated skin and tongues, loosened by the alcohol already consumed, become familiar with each other. Hannibal kisses all over Will's neck and hands, his tongue swiping as his teeth nip at the sensitve flesh that stretches over his hammering pulse. Will's lips falling open as he whines for more. For the Alpha to quit teasing and to kiss him the way he wants him too. Hard and possessing. "How would you like things to go, Will?" Hannibal whispers with his lips just below his ear. His voice that smug demanding tone that all Alphas use when they know all the Omega in front of them wants them to do is kiss them. Will would find it infuriating if he weren't so fixated by the Alpha's exceptionally beautiful lips and just how close they were to touching his.

"From a writer's point of view," His words are forced past his lips in a tight voice of desire. Watching as Hannibal moves to loom over the Omega, his body hovering inches from the Omega's. The Alpha's lips flirting with the idea of touching his as he moves. "This could go one of two ways," His breath flutters over his skin, warm and laced with the wine and scotch they had indulged themselves in. He forces his eyes up to meet Hannibal's and regrets it when he finds them staring back at his. A fresh glood of arousal grows between his thighs. Hannibal's nostrils flare. "Which are?" His voice prompts, rumbling deep from within his chest. Will wonders if his voice had always sounded so inviting, so warm and caring. He swallows the growing lump in his throat as he next speasks. His fingers twitching at his sides to move, to be allowed to embrace the Alpha's lined skin, to explore every plane of detail, to commit such touches to his memory forever.

"A wild and passionate tryst; I lean in and kiss you and pull you down atop me and we fuck like we're two Heating beasts," Will words come in a breathless rush, their faces draw in closer, until his lips only just brush against Hannibal's. It would be so easy to pull him now, to buckle the controlled thighs and to grab at his still clothed flesh. Hannibal pulls his lips away, runs his nose over the Omega's throat before he demands the second option from the needy Omega below him. "Or?" Will has to take several seconds to compose himself before he can speak again, even then, his words tremble as they pass his lips. "You kiss me." He

swallows and gasps for air. "Gentle and chaste and we part and continue on in the borish and mundane way Alphas and Omegas do when they court." The idea that Hannibal would pick the second option threatens to burn the Omega inside out. Staring at each other until a knowing smile grows across the Alpha's face. Will knows he is about to burn himself into nothing.

"Sweet, Will." He would cry, he would scream and surrender to insanity. He would do anything the Alpha asked of him. The Alpha asks nothing of him.

He lowers his lips to meet the Omega's and a kiss follows, one that Will had described in perfect detail. Gentle and chaste, with soft fingers ghosting over his flushed cheeks before they disappear with his lips and then his body. Will is left breathless on his back in front of the fire as Hannibal retreats from him and from his home. A promise to let Will know he has arrived safely home is all he gives him before the door is shut and Will is left alone.

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!